This Week
MAGAZINE

The Sunday Bulletin
PHILADELPHIA

MAGAZINE SECTION • AUGUST 12 1951

"DOWN AT SEA": FLYING NURSES IN A "DITCHING" DRILL. SEE PAGE 12

WASHINGTON'S POISON MAIL Page 7

WORDS TO LIVE BY

DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY

by A. Powell Davies

Author of "Man's Vast Future"

Rev. A. P. Davies

THE democratic faith is a belief that man, *if he resolves upon it,* can raise the level of his life indefinitely, making the world increasingly more happy, more just and more good. No fate has made him prisoner of his circumstances, no natural weakness has condemned him to be ruled by tyranny.

The democratic faith declares that human rights are by their nature universal; that liberty is such a right, and that without liberty there cannot be justice; that, to insure justice, the people should make the laws under which they live; and that besides justice there should be benevolence and sympathy.

Democracy declares that those doctrines of religion which beseech mankind to practice brotherhood are right; that love must expel hate, and good will take the place of malice; that persuasion is better than coercion; that none should hold the people in contempt, or profane the sacredness of conscience, or deny the worth of human life; and, that God and history are on the side of freedom and justice, love and righteousness.

FINALLY, the democratic faith proclaims that, be it soon or late, man *will* achieve a world society of peace and happiness where all are free and none shall be afraid.

PHOTO BY ANDRE DE DIENES

Sidelines

THE OTHER SIDE. President Truman is pretty famous for a few letters he has written, but what about the threatening mail people have written to him? Chief U. E. Baughman of the Secret Service has lifted the lid of secrecy for us, and the result is Leo Cullinane's fascinating article, "Washington's Poison Mail," on Page 7.

It turns out that the President has shown remarkable restraint: a handful of hot letters written for over 60,000 sizzlers received since he's been President. The White House feels that's not too bad a record.

OMISSION. It's our custom, once each month, to glance through a little publication called "Date Reminders" to keep ourselves posted on upcoming events, important anniversaries, etc.

Our suspicions were aroused by the latest issue. As far as "Date Reminders" was concerned, nothing momentous had ever happened on an August 13.

We checked up and found that on August 13, 1928, the first television image — one and one-half inches square — was transmitted from New Jersey, magnified to twice its size, and viewed in New York City by some 500 persons.

Maybe the editors of "Date Reminders" regard TV as a passing fad.

MAKING CHAMPS. If you think there's no relation between the skill and stamina that make a champion athlete, and the way you do your job in an office, you should read Adie Suehsdorf's "Man With a New Idea" in next week's issue.

You'll learn why the same training techniques that enable Ted Williams to hit a homer, or Tennis Champ Jack Kramer to come through with a service ace, can help you do a better job — and edge into the championship class in living yourself! —THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Bob Smallman

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FOR A BETTER AMERICA

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When you've been in and had a swim,
A cigarette tastes great.
But Luckies taste the best of all,
So, friend — why hesitate?
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

Be Happy— Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you the enjoyment of a better-tasting cigarette. And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. That's why you'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. So, Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton today.

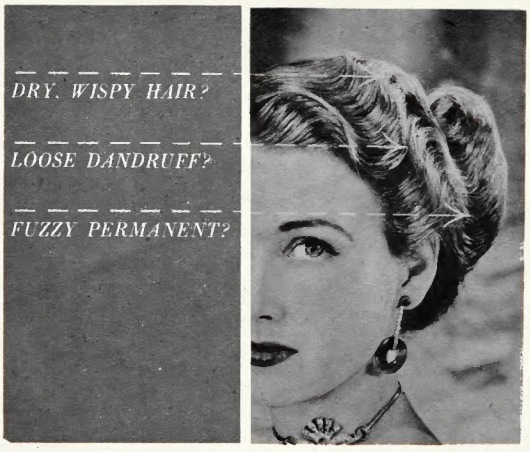
At Anacostia Station, folks,
There is a favorite brand —
It's Lucky Strike that we all like,
The smoke that sure tastes grand!
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE because...

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

Which Hair Problems Do You Have?



Try this new Glamour-Treatment!

Used by professionals for problem hair! A *creamy* lotion—not sticky or greasy. Makes your wave behave—leaves hair soft, shining! ★ Rich in Lanolin to soften dry hair or stiff, fuzzy permanents. ★ Ends loose dandruff worries. ★ Deodorizes for between-shampoos freshness, fragrance.

RICH IN LANOLIN!

50¢ and $1.00 *plus tax*

new LUSTRE-CREME Hair Dressing

Give to Conquer Cancer

STRIKE BACK!

Join humanity's most important Crusade—the battle against cancer! Last year some 70,000 men, women and children were rescued from death. With your help, many more can be saved.

This is no time for token gifts. Before you give, think of the 22 *million* men, women and children now alive who will die unless our Crusade succeeds. Make your contribution *just as important as you can.*

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Sponsor's or Local Unit's Address

MAIL YOUR GIFT TO "CANCER" IN CARE OF YOUR LOCAL POST OFFICE

Here is my contribution of $.....to the 1951 Cancer Crusade.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Shopping Tip!

Sunshine SUGAR HONEY Grahams and MILK!

the Cerf board

PUN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE III

Bennett Cerf

THE HONOR of teeing off first in this third session of the Pun-American Conference is hereby accorded Harry Bauer, librarian of the University of Washington, for a remark inspired by a story about Nobel Prize Winner William Faulkner. It seems that a solicitous hostess endeavored to add water to a shot of Kentucky bourbon Mr. Faulkner was dandling on his knee.

"Ma'am," said the novelist, "if the good Lord had intended for water to be in bourbon, He'd a put it there."

"Apparently," notes Mr. Bauer, "Faulkner had no intention of suffering from dilutions of grandeur."

READER Richard Anderson's next-door neighbor has triplets, and since nobody can tell them apart, they're known simply as "A," "B" and "C." The three boys were having trouble learning to back up on their birthday tricycles. After many bumps and bruises, "A" finally mastered the reverse pedaling, and his mother exclaimed happily, "Ah, my 'A' can back!"... Mr. Anderson will kindly stand in the corner with Margaret Davis who writes from Monterey, Calif., about an elderly lady who hesitated at a busy intersection.

A gentleman, noting her confusion, inquired, "Have you vertigo, madam?" She replied, "Yes, a mile."

A MILE is just about the distance that separated Playwright Russel Crouse from the home of an old curmudgeon who lived at the edge of a lake. Broadway being in a slump at the time, Crouse had taken to

wool raising. He was trudging to market with a cartful when he noted that the curmudgeon's lake had frozen over, and calculated he could save time by heading straight over the glassy surface.

When he was halfway across, however, the curmudgeon came charging from his den and hollered, "Get back there, young fellow. You ain't going to pull the wool over my ice!"

A FROZEN FOODS company has adopted as a slogan for its new strawberry product, "Many are picked, but few are frozen." ... A Swedish girl, applying at the University of Minnesota, was asked by the registrar, "Have you a hobby?" "No," answered the girl. "Ay ban single."

Reader Pat Clepper tells about a family with relatives in Germany who answered a request for a food package with this note: "Be of good cheer. The wurst is yet to come."

This seems as opportune a moment as any to advise members that exactly 32 persons have to date submitted the triple pun about the millionaire who staked his four boys to a cattle ranch in Wyoming, and named it "Focus"—because that's where the *sun's rays meet.*

AN OIL PROSPECTOR was surveying a promising stretch of terrain in far-off Kurdistan when a couple of natives, bent on robbing him, came sneaking up behind him. The prospector spotted them in the nick of time and sought refuge in a deserted stone quarry.

Waiting until his pursuers were directly beneath him, he rolled an enormous rock over the edge of the quarry and watched it crash down upon them.

Then, wiping the dust from his hands, he exclaimed, "I guess that's killing two Kurds with one stone!"

DO I HEAR groans from the audience? All right, let's see you do better!* Emulate the example of Publisher Ben Huebsch who has won almost as much fame with bad plays on words as he has by publishing good words on paper. Explains Mr. Huebsch, "I pun it for the wife and kiddies."

Bennett Cerf

**Or worse! Mr. Cerf may be addressed in care of* THIS WEEK *Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.*

"My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother"

No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!

New DREFT does both and dishes SHINE

. . . . . All YOU do is RINSE!
Even pots and pans glisten!

You don't wash . . . Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

You don't wipe . . . New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

You don't scour . . . Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

BEAUTY TIP!
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!

Self-washing! "Floataway" Action! It's magic . . . sheer magic

KOSTI RUOHOMAA

YANKEE CRADLE

by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

So lucky I was in being born
Under Huckleberry Hump on Cranberryhorn!
Learning to cry from the whippoorwill
In the ocean fogs on Misery Hill!

My first brief steps I took between
Buttermilk Bridge and Bombazeen.
I learned to coast down belly-butt
On the balsam shores of Prince's Gut.

I learned to tread a load of hay
On a sea-going farm on Quahaug Bay,
Squirrels for me meant Robin Hood,
New Meadows Church was God and good.

A boy is lucky to play his games
Among such stout American names,
Drink buttermilk from an earthen noggin
By Mount Ararat on the Androscoggin.

The *Bible* and Indians named my places
With names like bronze and lobstermen's faces —
Shiloh, Merryconeag, Cathance,
Sabbath Day Lake and Winnegance.

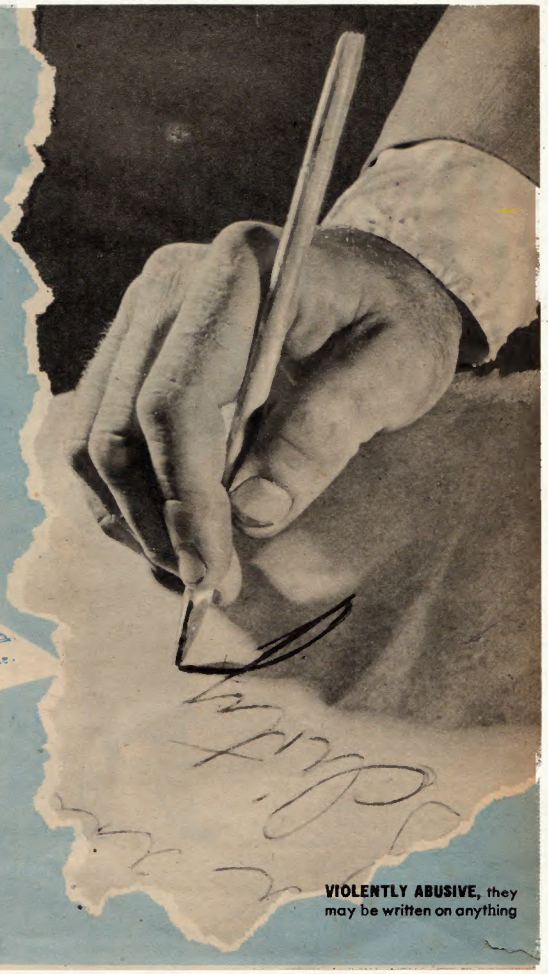
Merrymeeting, Bold Dick, the Ram
Made the Yankee that I am,
Wild geese cried the night I was born,
And the fog rolled high on Cranberryhorn.

This Week
MAGAZINE

WASHINGTON'S POISON MAIL

A growing flood of threatening letters is pouring through our post offices to President Truman, senators and big shots all over the nation. Here's the story of the war on an army of dangerous crackpots

by Leo Cullinane



VIOLENTLY ABUSIVE, they may be written on anything

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"NOBODY can call me dirty names — do something about this!" bellowed an indignant U.S. Senator from a Southern state. He showed two post-office inspectors a letter he had just received. It was addressed: "Senator Blank, S.O.B., Washington, D. C."

The inspectors explained the abbreviation could also mean "Senate Office Building." But this did not satisfy the sensitive Senator, who complained that the contents of the letter were fully as offensive as the envelope. In calming the lawmaker, the inspectors told him about Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin who often gets an unbelievable 7,000 letters daily, many of them extremely insulting. Senator McCarthy has issued a standing order: "Throw those abusive letters away — I don't want to see one of them."

Record Crop of Poison

NOT everyone is as sensitive as the Southern gentleman. But no one likes to receive poison-pen letters. Yet top government officials in Washington grimly admit this type of letter writing has today reached record proportions. And the post office department says the practice is on the increase throughout the country.

Gone are the days when the post office considered its job well done when it delivered the mail. Today every one of the 850 post-office inspectors throughout the 48 states is putting in many hours investigating all kinds of obscene, threatening and insulting letters. They are being aided by the full resources of the U.S. Secret Service, the FBI and the police.

The poison-pen letters are being sent to everybody from President Truman to the corner groceryman. Abusive and obscene beyond description, they stream into the White House by the hundreds every day. More than 3,000 have been turned over to the Secret Service for investigation this year.

WHITE HOUSE LAB checks all threats

The flood of such mail has forced the Secret Service to establish an awe-inspiring laboratory, called Protective Research Section. Located in the White House, this laboratory is manned by 10 experts, bristles with fluoroscopes, X-ray machines, infra-red cameras and other equipment used in tracking down anonymous letter writers.

Tracking Down a Threat

BECAUSE each author of a threatening letter is a potential Presidential assassin, the Secret Service and the post office go to unbelievable lengths to nab their man. It makes little difference if the letters are anonymous, as many are. Murderers get no more relentless pursuit than these misguided authors.

For example, an extremely vicious typewritten letter threatening Mr. Truman's life was sent anonymously from New York City early this year. Secret Service agents checked every wholesale and retail outlet of the same make of paper used down to the ultimate consumers. All typewriters of the same make the writer used were checked against this list, and finally all those who had access to the machines were questioned. It took months, but a suspect was finally turned up. He confessed.

It's no joke. Some hardy crackpots sign their names, state when they plan to kill the President — and then actually show up! They're greeted by the Secret Service.

One case involved a Michigan man who wrote Mr. Truman that he was going to kill him, then thoughtfully left a note for his wife saying where he was going and why. She promptly notified police, who relayed the information to Washington. The Secret Service sweated out his arrival at Blair House.

No one paid any attention to a mild-mannered man sitting calmly in LaFayette Park across the street. Finally he got up and strolled across Pennsylvania Avenue, paying no attention to the traffic light. A policeman arrested him for jaywalking. **The officer nearly keeled over when he found that his prisoner was the man from Michigan with a loaded .38 caliber revolver in his pocket.** His reason for wanting to kill the President: a radio station was tuned to his head causing him severe headaches. Only President Truman could turn it off, and he wouldn't do it.

President Truman sees only a few of the threats against him. Mrs. Truman and daughter Margaret prefer to see their personal mail, so some of the poison-pen letters actually reach them.

Continued on page 18

GINNY SOBBED, "YOU'RE MAKING A PRISONER OUT OF ME!" MAYBE YOU'D HAVE SOLVED THE CRISIS

Who Stopped that

by JOHN D. MacDONALD

Illustrated by Lucia

Hal and Marty and Joe all faced the crisis

FICTION

AT BREAKFAST my sister, Ginny, kept frowning at a spot about three inches from her coffee cup. Mother and Dad were making a deal about the car, and who'd have it when. It was settled, and Dad put his nose back in the paper. Ginny muttered, "It's all a matter of trust." She didn't say any more. Just kept frowning at that spot.

I could see it working on Dad. He sighed after a while and folded the paper and put it aside. "By now I should know better. What is a matter of trust?"

Ginny looked at him and her eyes went wide and blank. "What, Dad?"

"You said just now that something was a matter of trust. The statement seemed a bit incomplete."

"Oh, that! Well, I guess I was thinking about rules and things. I mean, if you trust someone, you don't have to thrust them into a prison or anything."

My mother's mouth tightened. There was a gleam in her eyes. "Better watch it, Hal," she said to Dad.

"Is anyone being imprisoned?" Dad asked, very softly.

Ginny gave her casual laugh, the one she uses on the phone. "It's purely relative, isn't it?"

"May I make a point?" Dad asked.

"Of course, Father," Ginny said, shy like. The word around our house is to duck when Ginny calls Dad Father.

"GETTING in tonight at one in the morning is a rule which will stand. If you wish to consider the rule unfair, you may go right ahead. But you're still in by one. Check?"

"Of course I'll be in by one," Ginny said sweetly. It was as though Dad had swung at a golf ball and missed. The lack of resistance put him off balance. He stared at her for a moment. She sipped her coffee, her eyes wide and violet and far away. Dad picked up his paper as though it would bite him.

As soon as he started to read, Ginny said, "It must be quite a mental picture."

Dad slapped the paper down. "What mental picture?" he asked, too loudly.

She shrugged. "Oh me. Rolling and hooting down the street at five in the morning with my clothes torn or something. Maybe I'm with some evil man with a mustache and we're carrying a baby in a basket."

"Ronny couldn't grow a mustache," I said.

Hot sparks jumped out of her eyes. "You stay out of this, little man," she said hotly.

"Is Joe upsetting some preconceived campaign?" Dad asked.

"Campaign, Father?" she asked sweetly, making a fast recovery.

"This attempt of yours to fracture a rule, Virginia."

Again came the telephone laugh. "I know just how much chance I have of that, Father. I'll pretend to be Cinderella. Just as the dance is beginning to thrive I'll go out and leap into my pumpkin."

"Virginia, you are sixteen," Dad said.

"Why, Father! Goodness, have I been concealing my age or something?"

Dad bit his lip. He said, "I shall thank you to remember that I am the lawyer in the family. It is my business to develop logical arguments. The mental picture I have, and the one I object to, is a bunch of kids roaring out to some drive-in at three in the morning."

"I suppose you are referring to Trench Mouth Tavern. We don't go there any more, Father."

He snatched his paper up again and hid behind it. "One more word, young lady, and the hour will become twelve instead of one tonight."

Virginia gave the paper a shocked look. She stood up slowly. Her underlip trembled. "That is the kind of fairness I can expect," she said. "There is hardly time enough to make it worth going as it is. You seem determined to make a *creep* out of me!"

He dropped the paper on the floor. His face was real red. Just as he opened his mouth, Mother said, "Hal! Ginny!"

Ginny's violet eyes filled with tears and she flounced down the hall to her room. Mother said, "You were about to put yourself too far out on the limb, dear. Twelve o'clock would be a little absurd."

"Do you think one o'clock is absurd?"

"Now don't snarl at me. I can see her point. This is a special dance. Ronny isn't even calling for her until nine-thirty."

"Marty, in the law a decision that is upheld establishes a precedent, and I have. . . "

"She is your daughter, Hal, not a case at law."

"I don't get it," I said. "What's another hour or two with Ronny Bowman? I'd think she'd want to go at nine-thirty and come home at ten."

"Run along, Joe," they both said at once, as though they'd rehearsed it. I finished off my milk. It was time to give Saturday a little consideration. I decided to phone Skipper. We could hitch out to the dam and swim for a while.

JUST as I was taking off, Ginny collared me. "Wait outside," she said.

"I got places to go."

"You wait or you'll be sorry."

She came out, and we talked in the garage. She gave me a narrow-eyed look and said, "How much do you want five dollars?"

"Where did you get five bucks?"

"I only spent half Gran's birthday check, stupid. Do you want it or don't you?"

I wanted it. I could use it. "What do I have to do?"

"They're not going out tonight. Are you?"

"Just to a movie."

"You'll be back about ten. I've been thinking how to work it. That clock they go by in the bedroom is electric. When the current goes on again, it starts itself, doesn't it?"

"Sure. So does the one in the kitchen."

"You stay awake, Joe, and when their bedroom lights go off, you go down cellar and unscrew the top fuse on the righthand side. That's the one for the bedroom. Keep track of the time. One hour later, go back down and screw that fuse in again. I'm going to tell Ronny I can stay out until two."

I whistled. "Boy, will you ever be in a jam if. . . "

"Dad won't find out. Because after I check in with them I'll go to the kitchen and get a snack. Then I'll go down cellar and take that fuse out and put a bad one in. Then they won't know when it blew and the clock won't be working in the morning so they won't have any chance to check."

"Did you ever wonder if you got criminal tendencies, Ginny?"

"It's not criminal. *Everybody* can stay out later than I can. Will you do it?"

I weighed the risks against the five bucks. "Sold," I said.

The movie was a stinker, so Skipper and I left the minute it was over and walked home. Dad said, "Your mother's gone to bed. Want to split a cake?"

"Sure," I said. It was about twenty after ten when we polished off the crumbs and the last of a quart of milk. I felt like some kind of an international spy. Dad reads in bed. The only way I could stay awake was by standing up. By my watch it was eleven-thirty when the thread of light under their door winked out. My shoes were already off. I took some kitchen matches and sneaked down into the cellar. I unscrewed the right fuse. I wanted to back out of the agreement. It seemed worth more than five bucks. But I'd promised Ginny.

I waited in the dark for a long time. It seemed like an hour. I lit a match and looked at my watch. Quarter to twelve. Just fifteen minutes had gone by. I wondered if people can fall asleep standing up.

I risked putting on a light, and there was a pile of old magazines. I sat by the furnace and read until twelve-thirty. Then I screwed the fuse back in to start their clock again. I knew it would say eleven-thirty and be running again. But Ginny was still taking a chance that neither of them would get up and go over to the bureau or the dressing table and check the clock against a wrist watch.

I got back into my room and that bed felt wonderful.

A MILLION years later somebody was shaking me. Dad was staring hard at me, and not in a very friendly way. "You march right into our room, young man."

I guess I staggered. It certainly was a poor night to get any sleeping done. He came right along behind me. There was Ginny in her party dress, her eyes all red. Mother was sitting on the side of her bed in her robe, looking sort of startled.

"Now, young man," Dad said, "tell us of your cellar escapade."

I glared at Ginny. She said, "They made me tell, Joe. I'm sorry."

I said, "The next time I do you a favor. . . "

BETTER, BUT THREE PEOPLE TRIED

Clock?

"Just for this special dance," Ginny said, "why can't I stay out with Ronny till two o'clock?"

Ginny said, "But I couldn't tell you, Joe, because you were at the movies. Before I left Dad whispered to me that I could stay out until two."

"He didn't tell *me* that!" Mother said.

"Now, Marty, I —"

"You just didn't want me to know, that the great legal brain had backed down," Mother said.

Dad got red. "You're a great one. You, as I understand it, had already told her she could stay out until two and you'd fix it. A pity you didn't try to fix it through discussion rather than subterfuge."

Mother said, "Discussion! Hah! I just guessed at a full hour and turned it back in the dark."

I looked at the clock. And then I got it. When Dad finished reading, he'd turned it from eleven-thirty back to ten-thirty. Then Mother, in the dark, had turned it back to nine-thirty. Then, in the cellar, I cut off the current for an hour.

So WHEN Ginny came in happily at two o'clock, the three of them looked at the clock, and there it was, running along, saying eleven o'clock.

"If there's anything I detest," Dad said, "it is dishonesty."

The three of us stared at him. He got a little bit redder. He looked startled and then he began to grin. In about ten seconds the four of us were laughing so hard we had to hold onto the furniture.

Mother got control of herself first. She said finally, "This episode is declared a draw. No decision. Now let's all get some sleep."

The last thing I heard was Dad and Ginny in the hall. I heard him say, "You understand, Virginia, that this sets no precedent."

As usual Ginny didn't hesitate.

"Of *course* not, Father," she said sweetly. "Only for *important* dances."

As I fell asleep I was wondering whether the noise he made was a yawn, or just a great big sigh. One thing for sure. She wasn't going to welch on that five bucks. *The End*

Small-Fry

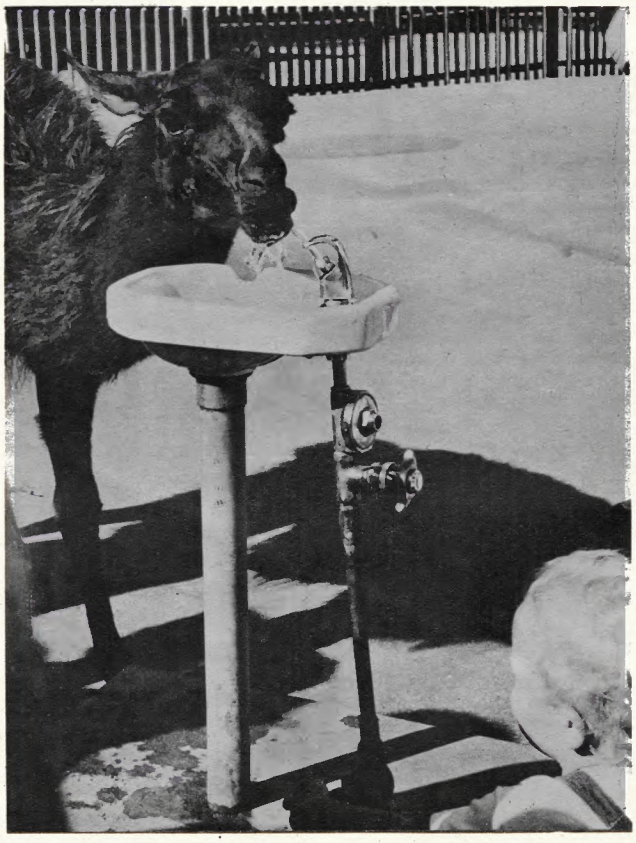
As every news photographer knows, children and animals are the ideal picture subjects. Of the thousands of examples that have crossed our desk this season we've picked these, by Rue Faris Drew at the Detroit Children's Zoo, as the best.

In the past few years, the children's-zoo idea has spread across the country, with the biggest in Detroit, New York and Pittsburgh, many in other cities. Animals are mostly barnyard babies, and are there to be petted and played with as well as looked at.

At Detroit parents never fail to exclaim over the Three Little Pigs, whose houses are made of straw, wood and brick. Children on the other hand aren't surprised — they can't imagine three little pigs living in anything else.

Photographs by Rue Faris Drew

NANCY WATSON has a firm hold on o guinea pig. He's being patient about it



LLAMA has the run of the place, mixes with everyone. Here, he cools off

Zoo

HUNGRY PIGS alarmed Vineent Braw

AUDIENCE is captivated while llama gets a handout. Some children prefer to keep a safe distance

AWESTRUCK boy cradles a white mouse

DUCK on a leash is a big thrill

"MAA, YOURSELF!" Goat takes Nancy's imitation of him very calmly

The dream chicken that came true!

It's tender-grown Swift's Premium

HERE is chicken at its finest—specially fed for quality meat, specially raised to give springtime flavor every month of the year.

Planned just for *eating*, this chicken is a sensational example of the research and development going on in the poultry industry.

Look for fresh *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken with the tag on the wing or Quick-Frozen in the blue and white picture package.

"A Tisket, A Tasket," serve

CHICKEN-IN-A-BASKET

- 1 *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken, cut for frying
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup Swift's Brookfield Butter
- Shortening
- 2 teaspoons salt

Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. *Shake* 3 or 4 pieces of chicken at a time in sack to coat. *Heat* butter and enough shortening in a heavy skillet to make ½ inch layer. *Brown* chicken on both sides in hot fat. Cover tightly. *Reduce* heat and cook 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold in napkin-lined dinner basket.

DUNKING

(See Front Cover)

ADRIFT: Waiting to be picked up

Navy and Air Force flight nurses learn what to do if their plane is "ditched"

Photographs by Bob Smallman

THESE girls aren't just going for a swim. They are prospective Air Force and Navy flight nurses learning how to save themselves and wounded servicemen in case of a crash landing in the ocean.

Flight nurses fly in our MATS (Military Air Transport Service) planes which carry supplies into battle areas, return loaded with wounded. Part of the intensive training course at Gunter Air Force Base in Montgomery, Ala., involves learning to swim and work in the water, as these pictures show.

On the cover: Seven nurses and an Air Evacuation Officer in an automatically inflated life raft are about to send up a box kite to carry the aerial for their emergency radio. — J. R.

NEW IMMERSION SUITS, worn by Ensign Mary Rhodes and Lt. Helen Mannion, are freeze-resistant and buoyant

DRILL

LT. MANNION stows away her medical kit

"MAE WEST" life belt, unlike immersion suit, can be worn in flight. Here it holds up Lt. Mannion

Oh boy! Whatta breakfast for

MORE PUNCH 'TIL LUNCH!

Going every minute... and with plenty of steam to *keep on* going when your breakfast packs more "punch."

And it's so easy to get more staying power, more lasting energy! Just build a better breakfast around nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

You bet there's a difference in Corn Flakes!

That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are twice as popular as any other kind! Often copied, but never equaled, the fresh, live flavor of Kellogg's is what everybody loves.

Bigger, fresher flakes, sweet and crisp all through, Kellogg's are so popular they never get store-stale. So, for a wonderful bargain in goodness and nourishment, get Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the big Family Size package.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes Pack the "PUNCH"!

EAT BETTER – LIVE LONGER –
W. K. Kellogg

NEW "HANDI-PAK"
8 handy-size boxes in 1 cellophane wrap. Enjoy Corn Flakes fresh from your own box every morning.

And so it came to pass that David, the Lion of Judah, looked upon Bathsheba... *and for her, he broke God's own commandment!*

SOON
20th Century-Fox brings you the most forbidden of the world's great love stories!

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

captured in Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD

with RAYMOND MASSEY · KIERON MOORE

and a cast of many thousands!

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

David battles Goliath—history's most famous combat is on the screen!

FREE COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND DAVID AND BATHSHEBA! WRITE TO "DAVID and BATHSHEBA!", P.O. Box 292, DEPT. B1, CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

What a JANE!

Here's a new slant on Jane Russell, who can't spell "senator" but knows her Bible

by Louis Berg
This Week Movie Editor

GEORGE HEYER

GLAMOUR GIRL Jane has become a comedienne by accident

YOU'LL be seeing a lot of Jane Russell on the screen from now on. The girl who was a Hollywood legend for years before the public ever saw her first picture, "The Outlaw," is now coming out with five in a row.

Her forthcoming films are, in this order: "His Kind of Woman," with Bob Mitchum and Vincent Price; "It's Only Money," with Frank Sinatra and Groucho Marx; "Macao," "Montana Belle" and "Las Vegas Story."

Meanwhile, she remains before the public eye in personal appearances and through the legends that keep accumulating. Most of these concern her fondness for the Bible which she really knows and, in unorthodox fashion, lives by.

Hot Argument

UNORTHODOX is the word. A close friend of Jane's loves to tell the story of how he was sitting with her in a hotel lobby and overheard two elderly ladies in an argument over a Biblical passage.

"It's from Leviticus," said one lady. "No, Deuteronomy," insisted the other. The argument waxed warm, and finally the first old lady rapped the floor angrily with her umbrella and snorted: "I *know* it's Leviticus!"

This was more than Jane could stand. She stood up and yelled: "Go bag your head, lady — it's Deuteronomy!"

And so it was, says the friend, who checked up. But if Jane had been asked to spell "Deuteronomy," she would have been licked. Recently, on her personal-appearance visit to the nation's capital, a prominent senator asked for her autograph.

Jane poised her fountain pen to comply, made a few dry runs and then looked up:

"Say, tell me how to spell 'senator.' "

Actually Jane has been exposed to education more than this episode might indicate, but she developed almost complete immunity. Legend is that she managed to pass first-year chemistry at Van Nuys High School, in Burbank, Calif., only on her pledge not to take any more chemistry.

Few people seeing her on the screen would believe that she once studied dramatic art under Max Reinhardt, and the famous Madame Ouspenskaya — her acting shows the influence of neither.

SISTER and brothers. The whole family's good-looking

What does it matter? Jane is unique. There has never been anybody in Hollywood like her since the late and much beloved Carole Lombard. Never such a combination of glamour and gusto, of irreverence and true religious feeling.

Jane is too natural a person really to be able to act. Recently, like Dotty Lamour's, her career has taken a turn not intended by her sponsors or script writers. Cast as a glamour girl, she has won acceptance as a comedienne. Not her art, but pure naturalness has done the trick.

"I'm Not Ready"

ON A personal-appearance tour not long ago, she slept past the time she was supposed to be on. Fortunately her hotel adjoined the theater, and she was summoned hastily. She wrapped a coat over her nightgown, rushed into the theater and onto the stage, where Bob Hope, her partner in the act, was bolding forth.

"I'm not ready," she told him, ignoring the astonished audience. "Keep on talking while I go back to get made up."

The audience howled, but Jane had not intended it as a gag. It was the simple thing to do.

Jane is not given to deep study. Outside of the Bible, they tell me, she reads mainly comic books. She's bright enough — knows at least how to like people and make them like her. Her closest associates today are people who went to school with her, including her husband, football hero Bob Waterfield. They are still married after nine years. She is devoted to her family — her mother and four handsome brothers.

For a girl who's not supposed to know much, it's astonishing how well Janey gets along.

Fast, Effective Help for

HEADACHE

Upset Stomach - Jumpy Nerves

Fight Headache 3 ways fast with Bromo-Seltzer and get really effective pain relief!

1. Relieves headache pain.
2. Neutralizes excess stomach acidity.
3. Quiets jittery, jumpy nerves.

For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. You must be satisfied or your money back. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your druggist's today. A product of Emerson Drug Co.

BROMO·SELTZER

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5141-H, ELMIRA, N.Y.

You won't be embarrassed by Tampax

Swim! Wear shorts! Dance in filmy dress! Internally-worn Tampax will never betray you

Doctor-invented Tampax would almost seem to be made for summer conditions. Its real purpose, however, is to provide an improved method of monthly sanitary protection for women. Based on a medically sound principle, Tampax is an internal absorbent. It has no external pad or supporting belt. It leaves you free from anything and everything that could "show."... Made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton, Tampax is compressed into applicators that make insertion easy. When in place *it is unseen and unfelt.* No odor forms. Changing is quick. Disposal no trouble.... Millions now use Tampax. Buy at drug or notion counter. Three absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). You can carry a month's supply in your purse. Economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NOW!

Naturally Carefree Curls

you can SET AND FORGET even on rainy days...

Refill $1.50 (PLUS TAX)

RAINCOAT BY SHERRROOKE FOR LORD & TAYLOR

with the new

RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT

NEW—DIFFERENT! It's the most exciting glamour news in years...the revolutionary Richard Hudnut Home Permanent! Even when the rain comes down—your hair stays up...just as if it were naturally curly! No other home wave gives you curls so naturally soft—yet so naturally strong that you can set them and forget them, no matter what the weather!

EXCLUSIVE SALON FORMULA! Only the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has a special waving lotion that curls your hair softly and naturally, plus a newly developed neutralizer enriched with exclusive Neutralizer Booster...tried and tested in the famous Fifth Avenue Beauty Salon of Richard Hudnut. It neutralizes so completely—so thoroughly, your curls stay in even on rainy days, always look their loveliest.

SEE FOR YOURSELF! Next time try a new Richard Hudnut Home Permanent...see how silky-soft and manageable it leaves your hair. And see how naturally your waves stay in—even in damp weather! At drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

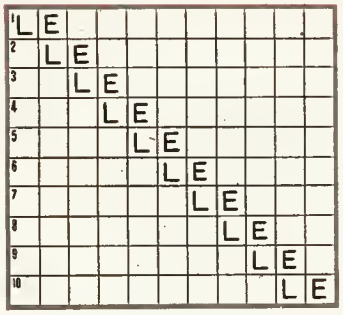
Richard Hudnut

THE ORIGINAL

BEAUTY SALON HOME PERMANENT

P.S. For little girls, **Richard Hudnut Children's Home Permanent,** the only home permanent made especially for children's fine-textured hair!

SIGHT SAVERS ARE A DOW CORNING SILICONE PRODUCT



THIS WEEK'S GLIDOGRAM

1 U.S. Marine (slang)
2 To work for the success of political candidate or party
3 Figurative; symbolic
4 Union; combination
5 Site of the Battle of Bunker Hill, now part of Boston
6 Causing annoyance; difficult
7 Ill will; rancor
8 Crystalline moth-repellent
9 Extortioner; one practicing shakedowns
10 To extricate; to unravel

A A A A A A A A A A A — B B — C C C C C

C C C C — D — E E E E E E E E E E E — G G

— H H H H — I I I I — K K — L L L L — M

M M — N N N N N N N N N — O O O O O

O O — P — R R R R R R — S S S S — T T T T

T T — U — V — W

INSERT the letters in the blank spaces so that horizontal lines show the words defined at right:

Edited by Richard M. Guldenstein

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

O	N	E	S	I	D	E	D	N	E	S	S
C	O	N	C	I	L	I	A	T	O	R	Y
B	R	O	N	C	O	B	U	S	T	E	R
I	N	C	O	N	S	E	Q	U	E	N	T
D	I	S	H	O	N	O	R	A	B	L	E
A	N	T	A	G	O	N	I	S	T	I	C
L	U	N	C	H	E	O	N	E	T	T	E
A	B	O	L	I	T	I	O	N	I	S	T
P	R	A	C	T	I	T	I	O	N	E	R
L	A	M	E	N	T	A	T	I	O	N	S
A	B	B	R	E	V	I	A	T	I	O	N

Got your hat on?

Got your hat on, ready to go to the grocery store? While you're there, you may want to get a package or two of Pillsbury Cake Mix (White or Chocolate Fudge). By merely adding milk you can find yourself with a cake that's just as eye inspiring and taste tormenting as the one you see here. And what a grateful eye your family will give you. If you haven't got your hat on, it might be worth your while to put it on and go to the grocery, and bake one of these Pillsbury Cakes for tonight. Got your hat on yet?

Pillsbury BEST AAAA Mixes

Remember— You and from Pillsbury can make a great team

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Milk is *all* you add—no eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes

CHEESE for the chips. Mrs. Smith picks Wisconsin's best

ANGUS MAC DOUGALL

COOKING FOR A CONGRESSMAN

by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor

Rep. Smith's wife not only cooks for two — she plans big eating events in the capital city

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE name on the door was Lawrence H. Smith; beneath in gold lettering: "Representative of Wisconsin's First District." The hour was nine o'clock in the morning in the House Office Building, Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C. I pulled the door wide and a businesslike woman, dressed smartly in blue, busy on the telephone, motioned me to a chair.

"There must be little open-face sandwiches as well as cakes," she was insisting. "Mints, salted nuts of two kinds..." This was Mrs. Lawrence H. Smith arranging refreshments with the chef of the Hotel Statler for a tea for the Wisconsin unit of the D.A.R.

Planning for crowd eating events is a job that falls often to the efficient food-wise Mrs. Smith. One of the largest affairs to bob up on her calendar is the banquet for the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, the guest list for the occasion numbering over 1,000.

A job Mrs. Smith is proud to have to her credit is that of chairman on the editorial staff of the Congressional Club cookbook. The membership is made up of the wives of the House, the Senate, Supreme Court and Cabinet members. Each woman was asked to contribute heirloom recipes from her family collections. The book has proven a money-maker and a treasure mine of fine dishes.

They Like Company

FOOD planning for various organizations Mrs. Smith considers a part of her day's work like the office job she handles helping her husband. She has been his assistant since 10 years ago when the family left Wisconsin for Washington.

Day done, Mrs. Smith hurries home like any career girl to prepare dinner for two. It's only two now — both daughters are married, the son is through college and off on his own. But they twosome few nights in the week — the Smiths go all out for company.

Two foods Mrs. Smith stars frequently at buffet parties are a baked ham with a mustard sauce and chocolate-chip torte. Spiced tomato juice may be the overture, this passed in the living room along with potato chips, crusted with grated Wisconsin Cheddar. The cheese is sprinkled over the chips, then under the broiler to melt and to brown.

A relish tray on the table. Escalloped corn the hot dish with oven-warm rolls. Dessert is the chocolate-chip torte, the recipe from home town Racine.

Mustard Sauce

2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cider vinegar
1 cup light cream

Combine flour, sugar, mustard and salt. Add vinegar and cream and cook over hot water until thick, stirring frequently. Serve hot over ham loaf. Approximate yield: 1¼ cups sauce.

Chocolate-Chip Torte

1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons cocoa
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely chopped dates
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts
1 6-ounce package chocolate chips

Sift flour, cocoa and salt. Mix dates, boiling water and soda. Cool. Cream shortenings; add sugar, beat until fluffy. Add eggs. Alternately add flour and date mixtures, blending well after each addition. Add vanilla. Spread in greased 13x9½-inch pan; sprinkle with nuts and chocolate chips. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Cool, cut in squares. Serve plain or with ice cream. Yield: 15 to 20 portions.

* * *

IT'S A SODA—*super-size, super-flavor—home-kitchen-born but gone careering. Recipe is coming next week in "How America Eats."*

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not a cream—Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colorful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo —*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

The SECRET of SUCCESSFUL "ATHLETE'S FOOT" TREATMENT!

"ATHLETE'S FOOT" is caused by parasitic fungus growths which attack the skin and spread rapidly in the presence of perspiration. Successful treatment, therefore, requires that the skin be kept *dry* and that the growth of fungus be *stopped* so that healing may take place.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE POWDER'S "DOUBLE-DEFENSE" ACTION

offers amazingly effective help in the successful treatment of this highly contagious disease, as proved by scientific laboratory tests:

FIRST—Campho-Phenique Powder soaks up perspiration—helps keep feet dry and reduces the danger of the fungus spreading.

SECOND—Campho-Phenique Powder contains a powerful antiseptic that helps *stop* fungus growth. Helps infected skin to heal and build a wall of protection against reinfection.

IN ADDITION—Gives fast, soothing relief from the tormenting itch and burn of "Athlete's Foot." Easy to use—non-irritating—does not stain.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" get a toe-hold. Get Campho-Phenique Powder today. Dust daily on feet . . . in shoes. See how fast it relieves misery, aids healing. For deep seated cases consult your doctor.

START TREATING "ATHLETE'S FOOT" TODAY WITH

Campho-Phenique Powder

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

"Corn Gone" what Relief! Dissolve even toughest corns quickly, painlessly—without danger of infection. Only 35c.

TODAY GET GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

IT'S A WORLD FAVORITE

Read Some TIPS ON SUCCESS from an ATHLETIC COACH ...Next Week

Now! a KENTILE FLOOR

Only $10.95*

FOR AN 8' x 9' ROOM

Colors go all the way through for lasting beauty...yet GUARANTEED KENTILE costs little more than floor-coverings with a colored surface that wears off with use...

WHY SPEND your money for floor-coverings that aren't nearly as smart-looking...and won't stay attractive half as long...when you can have lovely easy-to-clean Kentile at such low cost!

Look under FLOORS in your classified phone directory for name and address of your Kentile dealer —FREE estimate will show you how surprisingly little Kentile costs.

Only KENTILE DEALERS can offer you these low-priced GUARANTEED KENTILE FLOORS

*Price quoted is for an 8' x 9' Kentile Floor, installed by you, using combination of Verde Antique and Genoa Green shown below. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more, depending on size of room, colors selected and freight rates to your city.

KENTILE, INC. • 58 2nd Ave., Dept. M-3, B'klyn 15, N.Y.

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of Enduring Beauty

Here's the floor anyone can lay—and thousands are doing it! Kentile is precision-cut to go down quickly and simply—even in odd-shaped rooms.

Dirt can't penetrate the smooth surface of your Kentile Floor—occasional no-rub waxings keep it bright as new. Choice of 26 colors—ideal beauty for any room.

COLORS OF KENTILE SHOWN — GENOA GREEN & TOLEDO RED

COLORS OF KENTILE SHOWN — LAMARTINE AND DOG TOOTH

STOPPER

FARMER'S DAUGHTER. Marilyn Thibeau, 19, comes from Fort Fairfield, Me., is a secretary, hopes eventually to marry and have six children. She was snapped on her father's potato farm by Photographer Norman J. Gordon. Her hobbies include knitting, basketball and swimming

WASHINGTON'S POISON MAIL

Continued from page seven

Margaret got little sympathy from the women of America when she protested that newspaper reports of her engagement were false and hurt her chances for dates. She was showered with a flood of hostile letters. The crank letters received since her European tour have caused the Secret Service additional headaches.

U. E. Baughman, Chief of the Secret Service, takes a serious view of the situation. **He recently asked Congress for funds for 30 new men, of whom 10 would be assigned solely to help investigate the letters.** "Such letters are threatening in nature, abusive beyond the bounds of decency, or indicative of extreme agitation of potentially dangerous characters," he said. "Never before has the life of the President been so endangered."

Processing a Menace

ALONG with the letters that pour into the White House each day are innumerable packages containing everything from bundles of money to crackpot inventions and other weird items. All packages are photographed so a record can be kept of the label in case the package blows up. Then the package is X-rayed. If it is actually ticking or if there is other evidence of some kind of infernal machine inside, it is given the "treatment." This includes immersion in a container of oil, which usually stops any mechanism. If the package is still considered dangerous, a fast trip in the Secret Service's brand new bomb carrier is the next step.

This bomb carrier is a specially built truck with thick armor plate protecting the driver's compartment. Mounted on the body is a huge cylindrical container that swings open like a bank vault. The actual bomb container looks like a basket but is made of thick cable woven together. Secret Service agents have tested it with real explosives, claim it can withstand any bomb that can be sent through the mails.

Calling Acheson Names

THE bomb carrier's mission is to transport potential explosives to an isolated area. Agents stand behind a protective wall; grappling hooks are applied and the package is pulled apart by remote control and examined.

Inquiry at the State Department disclosed a blackout exists on information about poison-pen letters addressed to the Secretary. Officials there are smarting under the heaviest and most prolonged avalanche of hostile mail in the Department's history — and they don't like it. The MacArthur incident plus bad publicity in the Alger Hiss case and Korea are blamed. One State Department source disclosed that Dean Acheson probably gets more derogatory letters than anyone else, except Mr. Truman.

On Capitol Hill the situation is nearly as bad. Congressmen bate to admit publicly they receive this mail. **Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio often gets more than 4,000 letters a day, some of them "pretty nasty," his secretary admits.**

Congressmen don't prosecute because of embarrassment and bad publicity. Wright Patman of Texas took no action when a businessman wrathfully called him "public enemy number one," used such terms as "jackass" and "communist" and sent copies to the entire Congress.

Senator Estes Kefauver, who permitted

all America to look in on his nationwide crime investigation via television. could write a book on the objectionable mail that has since descended upon him. He turned the letters over to his own crime-investigating committee.

Television apparently lends itself more readily to derogatory mail than radio ever did. Star announcers who swear they never got a single nasty letter from radio broadcasts quickly learn that TV critics get violently out of hand.

Through the Window

SECRETARY of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan is the victim of farmer and businessman alike. The former berate him for the controversial "Brannan plan" while the latter resent his reputed coddling of farm co-operatives who pay little or no federal income tax.

The targets are not always the government. The faculty of a well-known university in Washington was thrown into an uproar not long ago by a series of letters accusing husbands and wives of misconduct. Police were called in when the writer wrapped the letters around rocks and hurled them through windows. The author turned out to be a beautiful young woman who was suffering from a psychotic condition.

SECRET SERVICE'S bomb carrier handles suspect packages

In the nearby town of Aylor, Va., last summer, parents were told their children were immoral. When 50 such letters had been sent, the local residents were so excited that suspects had to be interviewed secretly for fear of lynching. The guilty party was the last person anyone suspected: the postmaster of a nearby town. She was promptly relieved of her job.

The post office says every living person is the potential target of a poison penner. The average American receives two and a half such letters in his lifetime. It is against the law to send obscene, lewd, lascivious, profane or filthy matter through the mails. You can't threaten anyone's life or property, and you can't threaten the reputation of anyone, living or dead.

It is a more flagrant offense to write obscene words on the outside of envelopes and on post cards where anybody can see them than it is in a letter. But penalties range from $1,000 and a year to $5,000 and five years for both.

Letters Are Analyzed

THE poison-pen writers have forced the post office to establish five detection laboratories, largest of which is in Washington, D. C., where most of the questioned documents are sent for analysis and detection. Others are in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. More are planned. For the year ending last June 30, these laboratories examined over 45,000 specimens of handwriting and typewriting in poison-pen letters. Legal action was taken in about 3,500 cases. For the previous year these laboratories examined 38,500 specimens, of which 1,829 were court cases.

What is the reason for this alarming nationwide increase in poison-

Continued on page 21

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Cool, Comfortable Feet

Let Ice-Mint keep your feet in cool, fresh comfort while the temperature soars. So easy to apply this frosty-white medicated cream — so lasting in its soothing relief. A real help too in softening stinging callouses and corns. Don't delay. Get Ice-Mint today.

If you like ice cream...you'll LOVE EASY-TO MAKE FROSTEE

Watch how your family goes for this homemade treat! Costs only pennies a portion!

YES, when you treat your family to delicious new Lipton Frostee, get ready for praises galore. Frostee always has a wonderful fresh homemade taste because you make it with fresh milk. (Or to make extra rich *ice cream*, just use cream instead of milk.) Easier to make than most homemade desserts—just beat it, freeze it, and watch your family eat it!

Frostee is so good for youngsters, you can let them have it often. For the best sundaes ever, top with tempting fruits or sauces. Everybody goes for delicious Frostee milkshakes, too, and they're loaded with extra energy.

Get money-saving Lipton Frostee Dessert Mix at your grocer's. See why millions prefer Frostee to ready-made ice cream.

SO EASY! BEAT IT - FREEZE IT - EAT IT!

Made by the makers of Lipton Tea and Lipton Soup Mixes

What's new in sandwiches...from the Kraft Kitchen

COMPANY STYLE EGG SANDWICH

Here's a dandy . . . just the thing for a teen-agers' get-together, or a TV party. It's easy to fix, and it has a wonderful "different" flavor, thanks to *Miracle Sandwich Spread*.

Chop 6 hard-cooked eggs, mix with 1 c. diced celery and ⅔ c. *Miracle Sandwich Spread*. (You'll love this zippy spread that Kraft makes from Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and special spicy relishes. All by itself, it's a grand sandwich filling!)

Add a dash of cayenne and salt and pepper if desired. Pile the filling generously between cut rolls. Garnish with slices of pimento, and serve with ripe and green olives to six appreciative people.

Do try *Miracle Sandwich Spread* soon. It's a joy to use, it spreads so easily.

Miracle Sandwich Spread by KRAFT

"I will Support and Defend...

the Constitution of the United States against all enemies."

Say that pledge aloud, and feel the pride a volunteer feels when he first puts on the U. S. Army uniform.

U. S. ARMY

CHOOSE YOUR SERVICE - NOW

ARMY - NAVY - AIR FORCE - MARINES

WALLY'S WAGON

"We sow you way up there clownin' all over the sky," one guy yells

Look, I'm Flyin'

IF ANYBODY gets you into an argument about the younger generation not bein' as smart as the older one, just refer him to me. No 18-year-old has had the time to get as stupid as I am.

Whatever it was got into me an' convinced me I ought to learn to fly an airplane, I don't know.

Maybe it was the Navy air base out at the edge of town. The flyers drop in an' have a sandwich an' a glass of milk an' talk shop.

"I don't think much of the stove in the 81," one will say — referrin' to the jet engine.

"Well, no smoker gives you torque trouble on tight clockwise turns," his pal argues.

They make flyin' 500 miles an hour, 18 inches apart, sound as simple as ridin' a bicycle. It sort of gives me an inferiority complex.

"You fly, Pop?" one will ask me, in the same tone he would use if askin' was I ever young.

"No," I would have to say. "I am the kind that likes to keep all four feet on the ground."

It made me feel ready for a wheel chair. So when Mr. Barney Fritz said he could teach me to fly I sure wanted to learn.

"Why, I have taught half-wits to be pilots!" Barney brags. "I have seen some students so dumb it took 'em six months to learn. An' I don't care if it takes you six years — I can teach you."

"You sure sound confident," I tell him. "I'm tempted to give her a whirl."

WELL, that is how it started. Barney is a very careful gent around an airplane, havin' been a trans-ocean flyer, a test pilot an' instructor.

This little job I am expectin' to make a liar out of Barney in — durin' the next six years if I don't kill us both before that — this little plane will fly itself just as straight an' level as you please. But when Boren takes over it gets the leapin' palsy.

Just a few minutes ago we come in an' landed at the field. A couple of mechanics was standin' there laughin'.

"Barney," one yelled. "What're you tryin' to do, scare the guy to death? We saw you up there clownin' all over the sky."

"We were *not* clownin'," Barney tells 'em with his mouth sort of hard at the corners. "An' *I* am the one that's scared. What you greaseballs saw was my student practicin' S turns. His trouble seems to be that he learned the letter S out of the Chinese alphabet."

— WALLY BOREN

"There is a certain quota I am required to maintain"

QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news

WIDE WORLD

QUEEN MARY. How many birthday presents?

GENEROUS . . . *How many gifts did Queen Mother Mary of England receive for her birthday?*

20 truckloads.

— *C.A., Gary, Ind.*

BREAK . . . *How can Canadians get their income tax knocked down?*

By serving in Korea. The Government will allow them a $1 tax exemption for each day of service.

— *T.P., Boise, Ida.*

SALT . . . *Where has enough salt recently been discovered to supply the world for 28,000 years?*

In Denmark. The world, incidentally, consumes about 16,000,000 tons a year.

— *Mrs. A.J., Washington, D. C.*

SNAPS . . . *How did the Air Force's new aerial reconnaissance camera make out in tests?*

A test picture made at an altitude of almost nine miles was so clear that two golfers on a green and the make of some automobiles near the clubhouse were easily distinguished.

— *M.H.M., Washington, D. C.*

PRIZES . . . *What extra inducement is offered citizens of Turin, Italy, to vote?*

By a lottery. The voting card number of each person who casts a ballot is put into an urn from which there is a drawing for cash and prizes. — *M.S., Chicago, Ill.*

TROUBLE . . . *Why is General Eisenhower worried about the wage problem in his Atlantic Pact army?*

Pay varies so from nation to nation that an American top sergeant would be earning more than the French colonel above him.

— *R.T., Denver, Col.*

PENALTY . . . *How many Nazi war criminals have been hanged since the end of World War II?*

The seven that were hanged recently brought the total to 282.

— *K.B.W., Shreveport, La.*

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay $2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

WASHINGTON'S POISON MAIL

Continued from page nineteen

pen letter writing? This question was put to one of the most eminent psychiatrists in the country, Dr. Winfred Overholser, superintendent of St. Elizabeths Hospital at Washington, D. C., where a sizable group of poison-pen writers are receiving psychiatric treatment.

"It is a sign of increased insecurity, uncertainty and anxiety on the part of people living in these troubled times," he said. "The whole world is upset and this is one way people 'take it out' on others."

People have "more to worry about now than in normal times" the doctor said. The writers of such letters are not necessarily psychotic or mentally ill, according to the doctor, but they are probably "disturbed."

Veterans "Pop Off"

PSYCHOLOGISTS connected with the Veterans' Administration had a somewhat similar answer. They added that veterans who have relatives in service overseas are apt to get nervous and "pop off." Also the "hot issues" of the day tend to excite and anger the average veteran who thought he had helped arrange a "peaceful world." But all the doctors contacted agreed on one interesting point: the letters are, in most cases, an indication of cowardice.

A visit to one of the post-office laboratories would shock a normal person not used to seeing depravity and obscenity on such a grand scale. Women don't work in the labs, and they are closed to visitors.

Tragedy has resulted from this type of thing. The post office cited a case of murder and suicide when a wife received a snake in a candy box. **She thought her husband mailed it because he knew of her mortal fear of reptiles, and she shot him.** Then she shot herself. Later investigation showed the husband innocent.

Nowhere is there freedom from the poison pen. GI's who have shown messages from their loved ones to thoughtless pranksters have been victimized when the pranksters sent false information to the home folks. Cases are on record where the poison-pen letters "revealed" that the GI had a new girl friend, a social disease or had even been killed.

"In Atlantic City it's done by observation"

An FBI spokesman disclosed the bureau is swamped with anonymous letters accusing certain individuals of being communists. Since the FBI always investigates such charges, the writers may serve only to hamper an important job. And, of course, damage can be done to an innocent person's reputation by such accusations.

Some Go to Jail

A SURPRISINGLY large number of writers have been sent to jail or to asylums for this poison-pen practice, while others, whose previous records are clear, have been sternly lectured and given a real scare.

However, even a poison-pen letter may achieve a happy result. A young man left a government agency and found his mail was not being forwarded. **He wrote a letter to himself at the old agency and in unprintable language voiced his opinion of anyone who would open mail addressed to someone else.** Postal inspectors refused to prosecute, said it was one of the few poison-pen letters they had ever handled that seemed fully justified. Mail addressed to the young man is now being forwarded — unopened and without comment. *The End*

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1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding and Pie Filling
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten • 2 cups milk • 1 baked 8-inch pie shell
Unbaked Meringue • Peach slices

Follow package directions for pie filling, combining egg yolk with the milk. Then cool slightly (about 5 minutes), stirring once or twice. Turn into pie shell. Chill. Pile Unbaked Meringue around edge of pie. Garnish with peach slices.

Unbaked Meringue. Combine in top of double boiler: 1 unbeaten egg white, ¼ cup sugar, dash of salt, 1½ tablespoons water. Beat with rotary beater until blended. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat 1 minute. Remove from heat and continue beating 1 minute longer, or until mixture stands in peaks. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

BUTTERSCOTCH POLKA-DOT PUDDING

(Made in jig-time with Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling!)

Polka dots for fun, Jell-O Butterscotch for flavor—here's a dessert that'll tickle your family! The real old-fashioned brown sugar flavor of Jell-O Butterscotch makes a wonderful finish to any summer meal!

Prepare 1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Arrange chocolate nonpareil candies on top. Makes 4 servings.

CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY DESSERT

(For that real, rich chocolate taste, there's nothing like Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling!)

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Prepare 1 package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling as directed. Turn into serving dishes and chill. Garnish with Raspberry Whipped Cream. Makes 4 servings.

To make Raspberry Whipped Cream, combine ⅓ cup heavy cream, 1½ teaspoons confectioners' sugar, and 2 tablespoons sweetened raspberries. Beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick.

JELL-O PUDDINGS AND PIE FILLINGS FOR Red Letter DESSERTS

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HARD DAY AT THE BEACH

by George Wolfe

"Eyestrain — too much reading"

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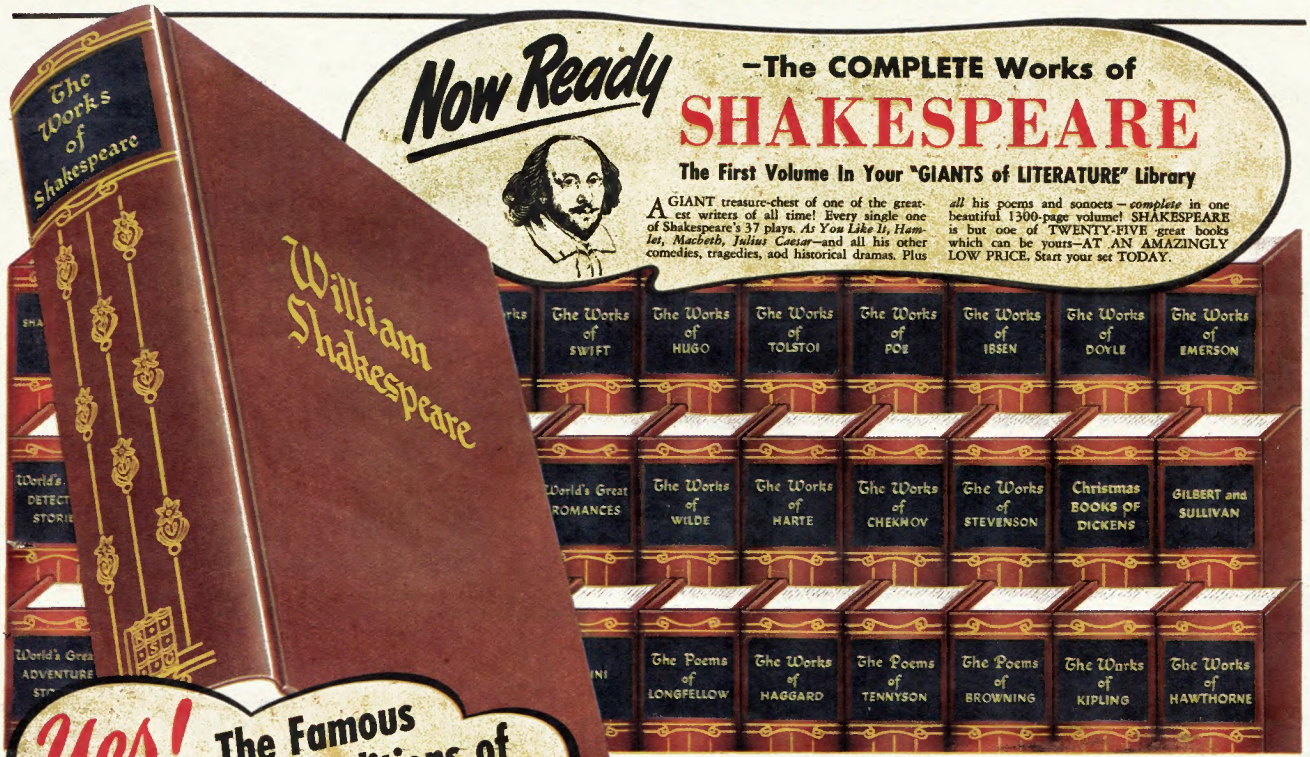

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